

The Epitaphe of the honorable Earle

of Penbroke, Baron of Cardiffe, and Knight of the most Noble order of the garter.
Who dyed Lord Steward of the Quenes maiesties household, and of her priue counsell,

Since playnts want power to perce the skyes, or rayes the dead from graue,
No teares nor sighes may well suffie, to waile the losse we haue.
Then lordings wype your blobbred epen, and sobb no moze alas:
For death and deastnye doth assigne, all lyfe lyke Wade Wall passe.
No fear nor Scepture certayne is, the hye and lowe a lyke:
In spight of pompe and wo:ldly blis, fall both amid the dyke.
But when a p:opp that staped the state, dropps downe as you do see:
The lookers on in muse do stand, at crack of such a tree.
which leaues the wo:ld in moozning weeds, behynd to weepe the losse,
(whyles trute is fled from bzantch and bowe, as gold forsaikes the dyasse)
O Penbroke wilt thou part so sone, what hast hath byed thee hence:
Had I byn warnd I had persueind, thy Combe with frankinsence.
But cald so swiftly to my pen, the sweete insence I want:
yet sweare I by the sacred Gods, though skill and sence be skant.
Thou shalt not hyde in clotts of clape, thy ritche rare gyftes of kynd,
Nor skawling woymes shall make no praye, apon thy noble mind.
The Court that knew thy constant hart, bydds thee retorne againe,
That art for troth and freendshipp fast, a perfect pattern plaine.
A father where the counsell sate of tongue and talke dentine,
As he at byrth had stolne the grace, of all the Husis nine.
His lookes dyd speake when silent lipps, lockt vp great thinges in head,
yea eu'ry wo:rd past Penbrokes mouth, peryd well a pound of lead.
No lightnes lodged in his browes, and sure a man in deede,
That well might ryse from Troyians race, and honour Hectors seede.
Of nature noble boyd of blott, in Court and countrey thowse:
As curteys as the lyttell Lambe, or faucon gentyll nowe.
In bountie dyd his harte abound, where cause made place befoze:
Not wonne by feare, but held by loue, what might be wished moze.
To such as faured learnings loze, (though he no schole popnt knew)
His purse and hand as closly crept, as hauke weare clapt in mew.
To those that seemd somewhat to be, whose harts he sawe aspyer:
He gaue good hope in signe of happ, to further there desier.
To Prince and countrey true as steell, no blast could beare him downe,
He kept his promise fayth and oth, in Court, in feild and towne.
Deuout to God his lyfe well shoues, his death doth that declare,
On Christ alone, the cozner stone, he onely layd his care.
O manly Penbroke yet me thinks, I see thee march byrigh,te,
Thy lecture and thy lolly pozt, stands still befoze my sight.
Thy cleaup tinenes trimly framb, sprang out of noble bzest:
And all thou didst within thy dayes, a noble mind exprest.
But nothing here so cleane or gay, can kepe the lyfe alpye,
Both wealth and Lozdschipp leapes away, when Death our date doth bypue.
yet death when he hath done his wo:st, dare not molest the spzeete:
That God doth clayme and angels thinke, for Abzams bosome meets,

FINIS.

A verse of farwell.

I lost a friend, you lost no lesse, who least lost, lost to much,
Who lookes to light vpon the lyke, in Court shall find fewe such.

Quoth Churchyard.

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